

THE
SCOTTISH
VOLUNTEERS.

A
Musical FARCE.

In TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

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SCOTSMAN in LONDON,

GREENOCK FAIR,

HIGHLAND DROVER,

BONNY LASSES of LEITH, &c.

As IT WAS PERFORMED

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PREFACE.

IT has been the custom of Authors, time out of mind (at least out of my mind) to announce their Publications to the world, with an Apology, something to this purpose, "The following Piece was never designed for public inspection, but written merely to amuse the Author; and had it not been at the request of some particular friends, the world had never been troubled with it." Now, my case is quite the reverse, I publish my Farce at the very pressing desire of one of my greatest enemies, that is to say, my poverty. This far by way of introduction; now a word or two to the Reader. Sir, when you enter the Bookseller's shop, this Pamphlet may be lying on the Counter, the title page attracts your attention, Curiosity prompts you to take it up, and you read a page or two, or if your business is not very urgent elsewhere, perhaps you honour it with a full perusal, then throw it down, and dance away. This is very pretty, and very fashionable, but, alas! who pays the piper? No, no, Sir, I have too much regard for your honour and my own interest, to let you go so. When you have asked the price, Damn it, says you (but remember I don't recommend swearing): Damn it! what's a Sixpence?—then put your hand in your pocket, pull out the money, throw it down on the table with an air, take up the book, carry it home, and read it at your leisure, and should you meet with no wit or humour to provoke your risibility, I give you my free consent to laugh at all the nonsense (perhaps that's at the whole) and I've been told (and no doubt so have you) that laughter contributes much towards good health and longevity. I don't mean what is commonly called a Horse-laugh; for I verily do believe, that no such thing ever existed. I don't speak through ostentation, but I think I may venture to say, that I have had the honour to be acquainted with many of the species, from the fine London Coach-horse, down to the lean Aberdeen Sand Dobby; and I declare, upon the Word of an Author, that I never knew the most facetious among them, in their hours of merriment, exceed a gentle smile. What the World mistakes in horses for laughter, may be nothing but singing; but as I have no great judgment in music, I leave the decision of this point to the celebrated Mr. Anderson, who did me the favour to publish my Song of *MacGregor Aruaro* without my consent.

But, what have I to do with horses, I'm writing to Gentlemen. Sir Reader, I beg your pardon for this digression. When you have carried home my Farce (or rather your own, for I hope you have paid for it) perhaps some tender-hearted Neighbour, more curious than generous, may wish to borrow it; but this I think he will find somewhat difficult to accomplish, if nobody lends him. Should you

lend him your's (which policy forbid) he reads it, and grins at my folly for writing, and your simplicity for buying it :—and all this grinning and discomposing of muscles, he has at the very easy rate of nothing. Let him buy, and be hang'd. But hold! hold! Mr. Pen, do you know whom you're abusing? One of my Customers. For your impudence, you shall not draw another scratch for me to night; and yet, upon a second thought, you shall. In spite of your snout (and 'a snouty thing you are as ever travelled upon the face of paper) I'll make you assure every one of my readers (and I don't care if they were five thousand) that I am and ever shall continue their very humble and most obedient, ready to serve them, with as many Copies as they please, as long as I have any.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Captain,</i>	Mr. Holliday,
<i>Love story,</i>	Mr. M'Laren,
<i>Cleekim,</i>	Mr. Dalrymple,
<i>Flourish,</i>	Mr. Guion,
<i>Nimble,</i>	Mr. Smith,
<i>Thomas,</i>	Mr. Darnley,
<i>Sir Anthony,</i>	Mr. Byron.

W O M E N.

<i>Jenny,</i>	Mrs. M'Laren,
<i>Sophia,</i>	Mrs. Davis,
<i>Mrs. Elder,</i>	Mrs. Macadam.

SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A VILLAGE.

Enter CAPTAIN and NIMBLE.

Nimb. **N**OW, Sir, I've brought you to the spot.

Capt. But to what purpose, unless you can introduce me immediately to Sophia.

Nimb. Softly, softly, good Captain, you must make your approaches by degrees. You may enter the garri-son by stratagem, but I'll be hang'd if ever you can take it by storm, old Love-story keeps such strict disci-pline.

Capt. Good Sir, please to drop your metaphors, and tell me in plain language what I'm to do.

Nimb. Do you see this head, Sir?

Capt. Perfectly well.

Nimb. And perfect you shall find it. My skull—

Capt. Is excessive thick.

Nimb. The thicker the better. It has many times stood cane proof in your service. But as I told you before, Mr Flourish is hourly expected to marry Miss Sophy.

Capt. And with her father's approbation?

Nimb. His approbation! his request;—he sends his wishes more than half way to meet him.

Capt. And yet her father never saw this Flourish.

Nimb. But he has heard of him—you wish to be admitted into the house?

Capt. By all means.

Nimb. Or by any means, to be present at the marriage?

Capt. To prevent the marriage.

Nimb. Now you speak like yourself. Have you ever heard of Cleckim the Constable?

Capt. Yes, but I never saw him.

Nimb. So much the better. He and I are jolly companions over a glass. Yesterday he told me that he wanted to hire a stout fellow as an attendant.

Capt. Well.

Nimb. Do you think you could officiate—

Capt. What do you mean?

Nimb. To serve you, Sir. The Constable comes here to-day upon some business—

Capt. I understand you. I'm to come with him.

Nimb. That's my meaning. Disguise yourself, and if you mention my name—

Capt. I cannot fail of success?

Nimb. But if you should fail of success?

Capt. I'll bid adieu to my country, and face the enemy abroad.

Nimb. You need not be too rash, 'tis the general opinion you may see them here this summer?

Capt. If your head never aches till then—

Nimb. You think I need not complain?

Capt. Indeed I think so?

Nimb. But if they shou'd really come?

Capt. We'll have the pleasure of sending them back again.

Nimb. Not all—We'll keep some of them.

Capt. Such as will have no mind to go back?

Nimb. True, they'll have no mind, we'll make them forget the way.

Capt. I hope so.

Nimb. As they come to conquer, we'll allow them some ground.

Capt. Yes, as much as will cover them.

Nimb. We cannot grudge them that. Run to Mr. Cleckim, and come back again, I'll introduce you.

Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Lovestory's House.**Enter LOVESTORY, and THOMAS.*

Lovef. Well, Thomas, any news? is the mail arrived yet?

Thom. No, Sir, but your daughter's Captain is arrived.

Lovef. The devil he is! what cou'd have brought him?

Thom. Your good servant Mr. Nimble brought him?

Lovef. Did he! By the Great Mogul, I plainly foresee I'll give him a good beating. Here he comes—

Enter NIMBLE.

Your servant Mr. Nimble

Nimb. No, Sir, 'tis I that am your servant.

Lovef. And how long have you been in my service?

Nimb. I came to you that very day on which the Duke of York embark'd with the Guards, and please your Worship.

Lovef. You please my Worship very well, and have not I been a pretty good master?

Nimb. Yes, Sir, very pretty, and very good.

Lovef. Wait here a little. I have something for you.

Nimb. Oh fie! Sir, you're too good. I'm sure I deserve nothing.

Lovef. Oh yes, you do; and, by the Great Mogul, you shall have it. [*Exit.*]

Nimb. Ha, ha, ha,—what can it be, Thomas? Some cast-off clothes perhaps—ay, ay. Something for the back I'll warrant?

Thom. Perhaps you'll find it so.

Enter LOVESTORY, with two cudgels.

Lovef. Now, Mr. Nimble, if you're at leisure, we'll settle our accounts.

Nimb. Oh Lord! no, Sir, you owe me nothing.

Lovef. Yes I do; and while I have the means in my hand, by the Great Mogul, I'll pay you. [*Beats him.*]
Thomas, you're a witness, put to you're hand.

Thom. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot write.

Lovef. What signifies that, you can make your mark?

Thom. Yes, yes, I can make my mark.

Lovef. Here then. [*Gives him a stick, they both strike.*
If you don't beat time, I'll knock you into eternity.

Nimb. Hold! hold! in the devil's name what's this for?

Lovef. For bringing the Volunteer Captain here; now, are you satisfied?

Nimb. Well, this is pretty usage indeed, for endeavouring to serve you.

Lovef. Serve me, you dog!

Nimb. Yes, serve you, I say. I brought the Captain here to make him and Miss Sophy quarrel.

Lovef. 'Tis all a joke. But tell me how were you to make them quarrel?

Nimb. I had contriv'd a story, but you were most graciously pleas'd to knock every word of it out of my head with a swinging cudgel.

Lovef. But what signifies whether they quarrel or not, for she's to marry Mr. Flourish as soon as he arrives.

Nimb. Yes, yes, Mr. Flourish may have her person, but her heart shall be the Captain's.

Lovef. By the Great Mogul, that's true; make them quarrel and I'll shew you some mark of my favour.

Nimb. I can shew you twenty marks of your favour on my back and shoulders.

Lovef. Touch no more upon that string, it makes the harshest music.

Nimb. Music! I suppose you have studied music. You and Thomas kept excellent time upon my back and shoulders, but the next time you get into your musical raptures, I beg you'll chuse some other instrument to shew your skill upon.

Lovef. Here, here, take this trifle, but will you do me justice?

Nimb. Justice! I'm the very emblem of justice. I'm myself the beam, and my two pockets the scales. He that throws in most, is sure to weigh me down.

Lovef. But if the Captain shou'd bribe you to deceive me?

Nimb. There's no danger of that. For instance, if the Captain shou'd offer me Five Guineas, I'll come to you and ask Ten.

Lovef. You're devilish kind. But go and make them quarrel. You know all their secrets. You that folder'd their connection, are the only person to dissolve it.

Nimb. You authorise me to use every mean in my power to break off their connection.

Lovef. Yes, yes, by all means; and I'll reward you handsomely.

Nimb. But you must give me it under your hand, on black and white, lest you shou'd forget.

Lovef. Meet me in my study, and you shall have it.

Nimb. What pleasure shall I take to be reveng'd on the Captain for beating me once. I shall never forgive a man that beats me. [Exit.]

Lovef. Thomas, did you tell Mr. Cleeckim the Constable to call upon me?

Thom. Yes, Sir.

Lovef. Did you see Mr. Flourish when you were in the country.

Thom. Not I, Sir, he was at Edinburgh taking possession of his Uncle's estate.

Lovef. Ay, Mr. Pendulum writes, that his Uncle's death has made him Master of a good fortune.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Flourish is to wait upon you.

Lovef. Introduce him by all means.

Enter FLOURISH.

Flour. Mr. Lovestory, I presume—this small commendatory Epistle will tell you who I am.

[Giving a letter.]

Lovef. My dear Mr. Flourish, welcome to my house. What news in your travels? Do you know if the mail's arriv'd?

Flour. News! damn news! What one paper affirms another contradicts—I'm an Atheist in news; that's my temper. I know as much as some of them, but I pretend nothing.

Lovef. Mr. Pendulum tells me, you had some thoughts of entering into the army.

Flour. The army! All in my eye. No such matter. Sleep in a whole skin, that's my temper; and yet I believe I have as much courage as any of them, but I pretend nothing.

Lovef. So I think. This will make a most excellent story.

(*Aside*)

Flour. The army indeed! what are their new levies? a parcel of Babies. If some of them were taken prisoners, they wou'd do well enough to carry up-stairs some French Madamoiselle's tea kettle.

Lovef. Egad! Mr. Flourish, you understand something.

Flour. Yes, but I pretend nothing.

Lovef. What do you think of our Volunteers?

Flour. Why, I'll tell you in one word, Mr. Lovestory, let other people say what they will, I pretend nothing.

Lovef. We have some fine Regiments at home, and we had an excellent army on the Continent.

Flour. True; and what have they done? for my part, I meddle with nobody's affairs but my own, that's my temper; but had I been with the army, damn me! I wou'd have done more than all their Officers put together.

Lovef. The devil you wou'd!

Flour. Yes, but mind you, I pretend nothing.

Lovef. That may be, but you seem to forget my Girl.

Flour. By my honour that's true, Mr. Lovestory; I beg your pardon. I'll only adjust my dress, and then wait upon her. What do you think of that for a dress?

Lovef. Well enough,—what's the matter with your throat?

Flour. The matter with my throat!

Lovef. Yes, have you not got a poulitis in your neck-cloth?

Flour. A poulitis! Ha, ha, ha, this is what comes up to the tip-top of the fashion.

Lovef. Yes, and it comes up to the tip-top of your chin, ha, ha, ha.

Flour. So it does, but I pretend nothing.

Lovef. Well enough, well enough.

Flour. So it is; but I pretend nothing.

[Exit with Thomas.]

Lovef. (*Mimicking him.*) So it is, but I pretend nothing. Damn me, but he's a droll fellow, ha, ha, ha! — Well, well, little said is soon mended. I'll after him, and pick up something that may make a most excellent story.

Enter SOPHIA and JENNY.

Jen. Sophy, my dear Mr. Flourish is arriv'd.

Sophy. I'm sorry for it.

Lovef. How so? sorry to see the man you are to marry?

Sophy. No, indeed, Papa; if ever I marry I'll be a Volunteer.

Lovef. A Volunteer!

Sophy. Yes, indeed; I'll never be prest into the service.

Lovef. Ha, ha, ha, a Female Volunteer, that wou'd make a most excellent story.

Jenny. To be sure it wou'd. By and by you'll see Volunteers as plenty as the flowers in May.

Sophy. Ay, and as welcome too, Papa.

Jenny. And as pretty too, Uncle.

Lovef. Our Country's not in danger.

Jenny. But it may be, Uncle.

Lovef. Then it will be time enough to provide. —

Jenny. Well said, my sweet little wife Uncle. "Shut the stable door when the steed is stolen." Now, I'll sing a Song, to cheer up your honest old heart.

S O N G.

MY Dadie bade me take the Laird,
 Tho' he was saxty years and ten,
 But feint a bit I wadna do't,
 For he can hardly gang his lane.
 The silly Cuif came here yestreen,
 A bragging of his lands and gear;
 But I've a lover of my ain,
 My handsome Scottish Volunteer.

*Chor. His heart is true, his coat is blue,
His person's very neat to see ;
The flowers in May are not so gay,
Nor half so sweet and fair as he.*

*Let surly loons, wha wish na weel
To either Country, King, or State,
Be boding still of ills to come,
To shew their spleen and foolish hate ;
But Monsieur Frenchman, stay at hame,
We dinna mind your threats or jeers,
When ilka Town in Scottish ground,
Can boast sic loyal Volunteers.*

Chor. Their hearts are true, &c.

*Frae Johnny Groat, to Solway Frith,
Gin ilka hill were made in ane ;
And a' that hill were turn'd to gou'd,
And a' that gou'd were ca'd my ain ;
Wi' heart and hand I'd gi'e it a'
To the sweet lad I like sae dear ;
And gin ye wish to ken his name,
It is my Scottish Volunteer.*

Chor. His heart is true, &c.

*Leves. Nonsense ! nonsense ! I know what your anti-
pathy to the match proceeds from ; your Volunteer Cap-
tain is in the Village ; your Secretary, Nimble, told me
all about it. But I'll go and bring Mr. Flourish, and
this night you shall marry him. [Exit.*

*Sophy. Indeed, my dear Papa, you'll find yourself
mistaken. Jenny, you must assist me to impose upon
this dear tender hearted Parent of mine.*

*Jenny. To be sure, my dear, if Parents will sacrifice
their children's happiness to their own caprice, have not
children as good a right to sacrifice their Parents' caprice
to their own happiness ?*

*Sophy. Undoubtedly. And will you marry your Cap-
tain when he returns.*

Jenny. To be sure. Let us act like Volunteers: fear nothing while we have a good cause in hand.

Enter NIMBLE and CAPTAIN disguised.

Nimble. I'm here again.

Jenny. You need not tell us that, we see you.

Sophy. Yes, and we've heard how he told my Father of the Captain.

Nimble. How cou'd I help it, when he bestow'd upon me so many marks of his favour.

Sophy. Mercenary wretch! had you been faithful I wou'd have given you ten times more than my Father did.

Nimble. Wou'd you, faith! I'm much oblig'd to you, but I thought I had enough.

Sophy. And where is the Captain?

Nimb. Here's a friend of Mr. Cleekim's, perhaps he can tell you.

Sophy. A friend of Cleekim's! has he any message for me?—Mercy on me! Jenny, it's the Captain himself. Oh, you cunning creature! how did you venture here?

Capt. Ladies, take care, for I assure you, I'm no less a personage than Mr. Cleekim, the Constable's Locum-tenans. But apropos. Mr. Flourish is arriv'd, you must seem willing to marry him.

Sophy. What reason can I assign for changing my mind so suddenly?

Nimb. What reason can he ask? if he's very inquisitive, tell him you're a woman; if that does not satisfy him, he's no great Philosopher.

Capt. My Love, I'll tell you our plan. I've persuaded Cleekim, that General Dumourier is in this Country.

Sophy. And what's that to the purpose?

Capt. More than you're aware of. When you and my rival are in conversation, Cleekim and I will come and seize him.

Sophy. Oh fie! Cleekim will never believe such an absurdity.

Capt. Pardon me, my Love, there are greater absurdities believ'd every day. But when we come back, you must not seem to know me.

Sophy. Oh! never fear, I'll confine my tongue here, but I'll give my eyes full liberty to look at you.

Jenny. Indeed, I don't like to look at him in that dress. I wou'd rather see him in his Volunteer Uniforms, Dear me! when I saw them in their blue coats and red necks, they employed all my thoughts by day; but when they broke in upon my sight, in their scarlet and gold, like so many new-blown Carnations, they engrossed all my dreams by night.

Sophy. Oh! no doubt, other people have had their dreams too; but, Jenny, my dear, let us entertain the Captain with the New Volunteer Song we made.

Jenny. Oh fie! Cousin! you know the words are very trifling.

Sophy. Oh! never mind that, the subject will excuse any deficiency in the Composition.

Jenny. Come then, you must join your bad voice with mine.

Sophy. Oh dear! that wou'd be too bad; but, come, begin.

S O N G.

AIR, WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

IT was about the time when our danger appear'd,
In the midst of our fears and alarms,
That the stowers of the land, tho' most tenderly rear'd,
Neglecting their ease, flew to arms:

So have Heroes of old,

With hearts both stout and bold,

For their Country fought the invading Danes,

And fill'd the North with tears:

For they were valiant, gallant, cong'ring, Scottish
(Volunteers

It was not the love of vain shew, or worldly gear,

That the firelock appear'd with a charm,

But it was to preserve what they valu'd more dear,

Their King and their Country from harm.

So have Heroes of old,

With hearts both stout and bold,

For their freedom fought the intruding foe,

And dry'd their Country's tears:

For they were valiant, gallant, cong'ring, &c.

*When the tale of their times shall in future be told,
If their offspring wou d rise to their fame,
All their actions they'll cast in their ancestors mould,
And their Children shall copy from them.*

*So shall Britons for aye,
With hearts both stout and gay,
For their Country fight, like famous knights,
Or ancient Cavaliers:*

For they'll prove valiant, gallant, cong'ring, &c.

Sophy. How do you like it, Captain?

Capt. To deal sincerely with you, Madam, I'm the worst judge in the world: for every thing that concerns you, must appear to me in the most favourable light

Jenny. Bless me! I hear my Uncle's voice. You had better decamp, Captain.

Sophy. Oh dear ay! you must retreat.

Nimb. No, no, Ladies, I must have the honour to lead the retreat. I'll go and keep your Father out of the way.

Capt. And I think I had better keep myself out of the way a little.

Sophy. But you'll be back again.

Capt. Depend upon't. Adieu, my love.

Enter Mr. FLOURISH.

Flour. Good morning to you, Madam

Sophy. Thank you, Sir, but this happens to be the afternoon.

Flour. And yet, Madam, your Father told me, you have not been down-stairs yet.

Jenny. She's indispos'd. She's but new-up, Sir.

Flour. And is it not always morning when the sun gets up.

Jenny. Upon my word, that's very witty.

Flour. Not at all, Ma'am, I love a jest, that's my temper; but as to wit, I pretend nothing.

Sophy. And pray, Sir, what may your business be with us?

Flour. Your Father knows my business,—we'll be married to night.

Sophy. What! you and my Father, ha, ha, ha.

Flour. Upon my word, you're very smart.

Sophy. Not at all, Sir.—I love a jest, but as to smartness I pretend nothing—
(*Mimicking him.*)

Flour. Now, Madam, do you know—you put me in mind of a mirror.

Sophy. A mirror! —

Flour. Yes, a looking glass.

Sophy. Dear bless me! how can you make that out—

Flour. Because you repeat my words as a mirror reflects my shadow.

Sophy. And you put me in mind of a stormy day.—

Flour. How so, Madam?

Sophy. Because you're very windy.

Jenny. Nay now, Cousin, his simile is very good,—it puts me in mind of sugar.—

Flour. Do you think it so sweet, Madam?

Jenny. No, but it's very far fetch'd.—

Sophy. It puts me in mind of a Beggar's coat,—it's so wretchedly patch'd

Flour. And—you, Madam put me in mind of a thief.—

Sophy. Do I resemble any of your family? —

Flour. Nay, nay;—but hear me, Madam:—I had two precious diamonds stole from my bureau, and here have I found them—*(pointing to her eyes)*—blazing like two radiant stars. So you see, I have caught you, my little thief.

Jenny. You are something like a thief-catcher.

Flour. Ladies, you're very smart,—but I'll match you both.

Jenny. Then you'll be hang'd for Polygamy.

Flour. How do you like my mode of Courtship?—

Sophy. I think your Courtship is like the present war.

Flour. How so, Madam?

Sophy. The sooner 'tis over the better.

Enter CAPTAIN and CLEEKIM.

Cleek. So that's General Domineer.

Capt. The Convention will give £. 20,000 for his head.

Cleek. I'll send them his body, and they'll soon find a way to get his head — I'm sorry I can't speak French.

Capt. Never mind that, he knows all languages.

Cleek. A knowing dog, I'll warrant. How do you do, Miss Jenny?

Jenny. Thank you, I hope Mrs. Cleekim is well.

Cleek. I hope so too, I buried her last Sunday, and I've heard no complaint from her since, ha, ha — I must have my glass and my joke, if you shou'd cut my throat

at the end of it. (*Pointing to Flourish.*) What brought him here?

Jenny. He came in search of my Cousin's Diamonds.

Capt. Ay, ay, any thing is fish that comes into his net, he's been so accusom'd to plunder at home.

Cleek. Well said, Neighbour.—I'll make you a man, if you follow my footsteps.—I'll speak to him.—Parly vow *, How do you do.—Perhaps you don't know me.

Flour. I can't say I have that honour.

Cleek. That honour!—There's French flummery for you——Will you please to walk a little, Sir.

Flour. Thank you, I can afford to ride.

Cleek. On a hurdle.—I'll ride too, when I have my £. 20,000; and if you're not engag'd, Madam.—I buried my wife last Sunday.—You understand me.—I must have my glass and my joke.—Sir, you're my prisoner. [*Seizing Flourish.*]

Flour. What's the meaning of this?

Capt. The meaning is, that you came here for the Lady's diamonds.

Cleek. Well said, Neighbour, I'll make you a man, if you follow my footsteps.

Flour. So you know the jest of the diamonds.

Cleek. Yes, and a devilish good joke it is.

Flour. So it is, but I pretend nothing.

Capt. He came here to make Profelytes, and raise an insurrection.

Cleek. What!—To make Prostitutes, and raise a resurrection!—Oh! [the rogue—We'll persecute him according to law.—You know it's our business to curb vice and morality. [*Dragging him away.*]

Flour. Murder! help! murder! [*They drag him off.*]

Jenny. Ha, ha, you must contrive something to impose upon your Father. As soon as Cleekim finds his mistake Flourish will be back again.

Sophy. Never fear but I'll do that.

Jenny. My dear Cousin, you're a happy woman, while your Captain's whole soul is taken up in planning stratagems to impose upon your obstinate Father, perhaps mine, with many others, are only anxious how they may elude the pursuit of a proud, victorious enemy.—

* *Parlez vous.*

No summer sun to chear them,—no fire to warm them,
—no bed to repose upon,—dangers behind, and a dreary
wilderness before them.——

Sophy. Nay now, my dear Cousin, that's unfair. D'd
not you promise to keep up your spirits, and now you
relapse again?

Jenny. Well, for your sake, I'll be as cheerful as I
can;—but give me leave to sing you a Ballad I heard
Yesterday, 'tis but very trifling, and yet it affects me
much.

B A L L A D.

MY longing eyes I oft direct
Towards yon once-frequented green,
With fond remembrance then reflect
Upon the happy days I've seen:
See how yon nimble Courser sweeps
With hasty steps along the plain:
So fled my days of early joys,
Sweet joys, ne'er to return again.

Ye bonny streams of Silver Clyde,
Why do ye flow so smooth and clear;
Ye pretty birds, from the green spray,
Why do ye strive to charm my ear?
Ye'll break my heart, ye gamesome lambs,
That gambol o'er yon flowery plain,
Ye mind me of my dear past joys,
Sweet joys, ne'er to return again.

Why did my Jamie cross the seas!
Why did he leave me here to mourn?
He said the war wou'd soon be o'er;
Then bade me look for his return;
But yet the foes are not subdued,
Tho' low he lies beyond the Main!
His coverlid's a damp green turf!
And he will never rise again.

Enter LOVESTORY.

Lovef. Well, *Sophy*, where's Mr. Flourish?
Sophy. I saw no such person, Sir.

Lovef. Was not he here just now?

Sophy. No, indeed, Sir. — Mr. Caper was here.

Lovef. Mr. Who? —

Sophy. Mr. Caper the Dancing-Master.

Lovef. The Dancing Master! — no such matter! — did not he shew me the letter he had from my friend Pendulum?

Jenny. The letter was forg'd, Sir. —

Lovef. How do you know that? —

Jenny. He confess'd it himself. — Did not you send for a Constable, Sir? —

Lovef. To be sure I did.

Sophy. The moment he enter'd, Caper sneak'd off.

Jenny. I wish the Constable may bring him back — I wou'd like to see him punish'd for the names he call'd you, Sir. —

Lovef. What names? —

Jenny. I think one of them was old Belzebub-Mammon.

Lovef. Old Belzebub Mammon. —

Jenny. It was either that; or Lucifer-Pluto. — I'm sorry I can't remember which.

Lovef. Oh! never mind! — they're both very pretty. — Why did not you call me? —

Sophy. I beg your pardon, Sir. — I'm too well acquainted with your noble, high spirit.

Lovef. That's true, damn'd rascal. *(Flourishing his cudgel, they fly to each side of the room.)*

Sophy. Take care, he'll knock down all the pictures.

Jenny. All the pictures! — on my faith he'll knock down all the originals in the room if we don't take care.

Lovef. *(Still flourishing.)* I wish I had the villain! — *(Grows quite calm.)* Well, well, little said is soon mended. — I remember a story like this. — There was once a Gentleman. —

Sophy. There he's begun again.

Jenny. Let him end it too.

(They slip away.)

Lovef. This Gentleman had a daughter, a very dutiful girl, — always delighted to hear her Father's beautiful stories, — turn which way he wou'd, she was always at his elbow, — just like you, Sophy. *(Turning about.)* Where the devil are they gone — I'll follow, and let them hear the rest of the story. *(Going, he meets Nimble.)*

Well, Sir, where's the Captain?

Nimb. He is at Mrs. Elder's.

Lovef. How dare the old Hag entertain him, when she knows my aversion to him — Nimble, if any of her cattle or poultry shou'd enter upon my ground, take a stick and break their legs.

Nimb. That I will, Sir.—The Captain will never trouble your daughter again.

Lovef. How do you mean?

Nimb. Ha, ha, ha, I can't help laughing, you'll laugh too.—I went and bought a good, strong, wholesome dose of poison and gave it to Mrs. Elder, to mix with his drink.

Lovef. The devil! you did n't

Nimb. Yes, I did,—it will soon settle his hash,—it will make him kick up his heels, I'll warrant him.

Lovef. Oh, confound you! you'll be hang'd.

Nimb. I told the story in the village, and when I saw the people so diverted, I'll tell you what I did for your credit.

Lovef. What did you do?—

Nimb. I told them that contrivance was all your's.

Lovef. Oh! you cursed rogue,—run and prevent the murder!—

Nimb. I wish I had let him run off with your daughter.

Lovef. I wish I had!—Oh Lord!—Oh Lord!—this will make a most damnable story!— [*Exit raving.*]

Nimb. Ha, ha, ha, I have him,—I have him —Poor old credulous fool! he'll content to get his daughter's neck into one noose, to keep his own out of another.

ACT II.

SCENE I. CAPTAIN and NIMBLE and others, sitting round a table, with a bowl of punch, &c.

SONG.

COME tofs off your glass, now each jovial soul,
For the honour of Scotland we'll employ the bowl.
To our annals look back, and for hundreds of years,
You'll find that our ancestors were Volunteers.
Present, my valiant Countrymen, (Seizing their glasses.)
'Tis honour gives the word,
Since ev'ry glass is prim'd and charg'd, let's fire
With one accord. (They drink)

*Why now that's right, we'll drink and fight, like
sons of the sword.*

That our names to posterity may live upon record.

- 2 *Our Brethren, of England, we'll toast in a glass,
To the sons of Hibernia we cannot do less
Than join in one chorus, till echo shall ring,
Success to our Country, and long live the King.
Present, my valiant, &c.*

- 3 *The threats of proud Frenchmen, with scorn we defy,
Like Freemen we'll live, or like brave men we'll die.
Tho' about their sham freedom they make such a fuss,
No king killing traitors shall dictate to us,
Present my valiant, &c.*

- 4 *That our Commerce may prosper in every degree,
To reward our endeavours by land and by sea,
That our fame, like our firelock, may always look clear,
Shall e'er be the wish of each true Volunteer.
Present, &c.*

*Capt. Nimble. I think we have fixt poor Flourish
now, what am I to do next?*

Nimb. You must allow me to kill you.

Capt. To kill me!

*Nimb. Yes, by report, a Newspaper death;—a death
that may be contradicted whenever we please.*

Capt. But what will such a report avail?

*Nimb. Much — The old Gentleman will not only look
upon himself as an accomplice, but the very principal in
your murder;—and when he finds his mistake will give
you his daughter.*

Capt. But if he shou'd not?

*Nimb. If he shou'd not, you shall be admitted into
the house, as my second Cousin, just return'd from the
Continent, that will afford you an opportunity of speak-
ing to Miss Sophy.*

Capt. But when he finds I'm alive—

*Nimb. He'll be apprehensive you'll come and steal a-
way his daughter, and I'll persuade him to appoint you
and me to watch all night;—and what must he expect
that appoints the fox to watch his hen?*

Capt. That he should run away with her.

Nimb. I hope you'll not disappoint him.

Capt. But there's a certain Gentleman, called Mr. Thomas;—you say, he's no friend of mine.

Nimb. He's not Thomas now.

Capt. No!

Nimb. No,—he's not himself.—I've made him drunk with whisky.

Capt. Why, Nimble—I'm but a cypher in this courtship.

Nimb. I hope you're not angry at that.—What wou'd your Kings and Emperors do, if they had not people to plan and execute for them, while they sit at home at their ease?

Capt. Well, well, my good fellow, you shan't serve me for nothing.

Nimb. But, I say, I shall.—I have as good a right to make a present of my service to you, as you have to make a present of yours to your King and Country.

Capt. But the satisfaction I derive—

Nimb. From your service, cannot be greater than what I reap from mine!—You have oblig'd me long ago:—always paid the interest with my gratitude.—Now, I'm happy, I can clear a little of the principal with my services.

Nimb. Well, Nimble—This kindness,—and so unsolicited too—

Nimb. Unsolicited, Sir.—When a generous action demands my service, I can be a Volunteer as well as you.—But will you retire, and disguise yourself as a wounded foldier.—I must speak to Mrs. Elder, about a little pig, which must bear his part in this adventure.

Capt. I don't comprehend you—

Nimb. I'll explain it all by and bye.—People may say, I'm not a man of principle;—but never mind my principal, as long as I can promote your interest.—Retire, here she is [*Capt. retires O. P. Mrs. Elder enters P. S.*]

Mrs. Eld. Mr. Nimble, you're a great stranger.

Nimb. Truly, Mrs. Elder, we're very busy at our house.—I believe one of your family has met with a bit of an accident at our house to day.

Mrs. Eld. Oh ay! my poor little black pig had his leg broke;—know you any thing of it?—

Nimb. Yes, I do—He us'd to lurk about our house, and my Master order'd me to take a stick and break his leg.

Mrs Eld. Oh, the cruel man!—there never was a sweeter creature set nose to gutter,

Nimb. My Master has sent you a Guinea, begging that you may kill the poor creature immediately; but you must not mention his having any hand in it.

Mrs Eld. Well, you may tell his Worship, that we'll kill him, poor thing—I had him from a great favourite. But we must all die, from the King on the throne, to the pig on the dunghill.—Mr. Nimble, give us a song.

Nimb. Really I've got a great cold.

Mrs Eld. Then I'll give you one. (*Begins a line of a Song—Bell rings*) Coming, coming.—Mr. Nimble, your servant.—I shall be glad to see you, when you have an odd penny to spend. [*Exit.*]

Nimb. And, I suppose, you'll be sorry to see me, if I have not an even penny to spend (*Enter Capt. disguis'd.*) Now, Sir, we'll away to old Lovestory.—I'll tell him, Mrs Elder has kill'd you.—

Capt. I understand.—I overheard it all.—

Nimb. Oh! it will do.—The mistake of the black pig will enable us to carry on our design, but you must wear a black patch.

Capt. Never fear but I'll play my part, love and war justify any stratagem.

SCENE. *Before LOVESTORY'S Door.*

Lovef. I burn, I fry with impatience, yet the rogue won't come with a drop of comfort.—I'll send Thomas.—Thomas, where are you?

Enter THOMAS, drunk.

Thom. Here I am.

Lovef. You've been at the whisky again.

Thom. I can't say but what I have.—The Latins call'd it *Aquivita*;—the Caledonians, *Ujquebay*;—which is, by interpretation, *the Water of Life*:—Therefore, it would be the death of me to want it.

Lovef. Do you think you can run to Mrs. Elder's.

Thom. Yes, I'll either run, hop-step or jump all the way. (*Going.*)

Lovef. Where are you going;—what will you say when you're there?

Thom. I'm not there yet.—

Lovef. Do you mind what I say to you.

Thom. Let me alone for that, a nod's as good as a wink to a dead horse

Lovef. A blind horse you mean, you beast!

Thom. And is not a dead horse always a blind horse?

Lovef. Go to your bed, Sir.

Thom. No, I won't,—I went to my bed last,—let my bed come to me now, turn about is fair play. Good day to you. *[Stammers off.]*

Lovef. Oh! here comes the other!—

Enter NIMBLE and CAPTAIN, like a Soldier, with a patch upon his eye.

Lovef. Who is that, Nimble?

Nimb. A Cousin of mine, who was wounded on the Continent?

Lovef. Egad, he can tell us some excellent stories.

Nimb. Yes, he can pretend to be dumb. *[Aside to Capt.]*

(Capt. makes a noise like a dumb man.)

Lovef. What the devil is that?—

Nimb. A little impediment in his speech, owing to their having cut out his tongue

Lovef. Oh!—then he can tell us nothing. *(Captain makes signs for writing).* What's that?

Nimb. He says, he wants pen, ink and paper.

Lovef. Does he?—Egad he has a strange way of saying it.—Yonder's Jenny—Come here Mrs Volunteer, and shew this fellow into the house; and give him pen, ink and paper.—And do you hear, Sir, be sure you write me some curious stories of the war. *(Captain bows and makes a noise.)*

Jenny. Poor fellow!—has he lost his tongue?—

Lovef. Ay has he,—but you may lend him a piece of yours, you can very well spare it.

Jenny. Come away, poor Dummie. *[Exit with Capt.]*

Lovef. Well, what of the Captain?

Nimb. He'll trouble your daughter no more.

Lovef. What!—is he dead?

Nimb. As dead as Robertspiere.—

Lovef. You remember I never advised you—

Nimb. Did you not!—I think I have it in black and white, under your own hand, that you employ'd me.—

Lovef. Oh! you cursed rogue! I'll be hang'd and my speech will be sold for a ha'penny!—Oh dear! oh dear!

Nimb. I don't think it will be dear at that —

Lovef. Oh! — curse you! what shall I do?

Nimb. I know what I've done myself?

Lovef. What have done?

Nimb. I gave Mrs. Elder the trifle I had from you to buy her evidence, in case it shou'd come to a trial.

Lovef. I'll run and buy her evidence too.

Nimb. Do, and confess your guilt. I sent mine by another hand.

Lovef. I'll find somebody to carry mine too.

Nimb. And that somebody will be another evidence against you.

Lovef. What shall I do?

Nimb. Come, come, Sir, I see I was born to be your drudge. — Give me the money and I'll run with it.

Lovef. There, give her these Five Pounds. — But, harkee, I wou'd rather you shou'd swear I had no hand in it at all.

Nimb. Thank you — I'll soon be back again. [Exit.

Lovef. Now, perhaps, the rogue won't give her the money, and I dare not ask her — I'll go and sound her at a distance — Oh dear! oh dear! — I'm afraid this will make a most terrible story [Exit.

SCENE. Mrs. ELDER's House.

CLEEKIM and FLOURISH.

Cleek. Come, General Domineer, your health —

Flourish. My name is not Dumourier.

Cleek. Oh! I dare say not. — Soft's your horn, my old Buck, you'll not deceive me as you did the Convention. — Come, give us a Description of the Guillotine: — A sharp instrument, I suppose. — Now, we shall suppose this to be the scaffold, and my finger the malefactor. (Laying down his finger on the table.) Now, how does the ax come down?

Flour. This way. [Striking his finger with a switch.

Cleek. What, Sir, — do you pretend to strike any man upon duty? —

Flour. I pretend nothing. —

Enter Mrs. ELDER.

Mrs. Eld. What is all this noise about. — Come, come, pay your reckoning, and go about your business. —

Cleek. Mistress, — this is General Domineer. —

Mrs. Eld. What do I care, if he were twenty Drummers? — We have Soldiers and Volunteers, and Fen-

The SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS. 25

cibles, enough to face the Whole Boiling of them. But there's a Gentleman just new lighted, his servant says he's a Justice of Peace.—Oh, bless me!—speak of the devil, and he'll appear. *Enter Sir ANTHONY.*

Flour. My dear Sir Anthony,—this scoundrel has mistaken me for General Dumourier.

Sir Anth. General Dumourier!—Mr. Flourish.

Cleek. Is not this General Domineer?

Sir Anth. No,—you blockhead!—

Cleek. I'm too long here, Sir; I beg your pardon, and we'll sojourn the court. *[Exit.*

Sir Anth. Landlady, send this watch to the repairing; I mean to be your lodger all night.

Mrs. Eld. It shall be done, your honour. *[Exit.*

Flour. My dear Sir Anthony, what happy star brought you to my relief?

Sir Anth. No star at all; I came by sun light.

Flour. Will you only step a quarter of a mile—

Sir Anth. I never could step or jump so far in my lifetime.

Flour. Are you acquainted with Mr. Lovestory?

Sir Anth. I know nobody in this neighbourhood.

Flour. I've been cursedly affronted, but I'll never forgive it, that's my temper.

Sir Anth. Good night. I'll see you to the door.

SCENE *Before Lovestory's house.* *[Pushes him off.*

Enter Mrs. ELDER and LOVESTORY.

Lovef. How the devil shall I speak to her?

Mrs. Eld. Sir, I'm come to thank you.

Lovef. So Reynard gave you that trifle.

Mrs. Eld. Yes, your honour.

Lovef. I suppose I need not recommend secrecy.

Mrs. Eld. There's not the least occasion, Sir.

Lovef. That's right; but I'm sorry for the accident.

Mrs. Eld. Oh no; I was going to kill him at any rate.

Lovef. The devil you were.

Mrs. Eld. I'm told he was troublesome about your worship's house.

Lovef. Ay, that he was. But how did you take him off, by poison, or how?

Mrs. Eld. By poison! no, by my troth no, I made the hostler cut his throat.

Lovef. Lord have mercy upon us! where is he now?

Mrs. Eld. Hanging in the cellar.

Lovef. Softly, softly. When 'tis dark we must carry him out and bury him privately.

C.

Mrs Eld. Bury him privately! By my fegs, we'll do no such thing. To-morrow I mean to expose him in the market.

Lovef. In the market, the public market.

Mrs Eld. I hope to make a pretty penny of him.

Lovef. Oh Lord, her brain is turned!

Mrs Eld. And as your worship (as I may say), is the father of the feast, I'll send you a quarter.

Lovef. Not as you value your life.

Mrs Eld. What can they say, only that you were in a passion when you ordered Nimble—

Lovef. Stop, stop.—

Mrs Eld. I wish you wou'd allow me to publish your goodacts.

Lovef. Will you hold your tongue. She is quite mad.

Mrs Eld. Tho' you were the cause of his death you paid handsomely.

Lovef. Do you mean to hang me?

Mrs Eld. Hang him! bless me, the man is not compass meant us; if he had not been crazy he had not sent me the guinea. Good day to your worship. [Exit.]

Lovef. There she goes and I'm expos'd.

Enter Nimble and Captain. *Capt. Nimble* its all over.

Nim. May be not, Sir; were he alive wou'd you give him your daughter?

Lovef. If she were worth six million.

Nim. I give you joy, he's not dead then.

Lovef. How do you know?

Nim. I saw him.

Lovef. Dam me if he shall have her then, this is all a trick.

Nim. [aside to Capt.] You see this won't do yet, I must try some other scheme—and there's a worse trick than that, Sir, the captain and Caper mean to steal away your daughter this night. But my cousin and I will assist you to watch.

Lovef. Is he a stout fellow?

Nim. If you doubt him, try him. For instance, let him give you a blow, I'll lay he knocks you down as flat as a pancake.

Lovef. I thank you, but I won't give him the trouble.

Nim. Only for a-bit of fun.

Lovef. No, no, I'm no way funnily inclined.

Enter Flourish. *Mr. Lovestory*, was ever man led such a dance.

Lovef. But your dance wou'dn't do, you scoundrel.

Flour. Scoundrel!

Lovef. Yes, Beelzebub-mammon, and Lucifer Pluto, fine names for a gentleman, you rascal!

Flour. Is this Mr. Lovestory?

Lovef. Ay is it, Mr. Caper. So you see we know each other, tho' you must wear a spencer to make you look like a hen wanting the tail.

Flour. Mr Caper! what do you mean?

Lovef. To put you through your facings.

Flour. Facings!

Lovef. Yes, this way.

Flour. I can't dance.

Lovef. Oh! you shant deceive old Beelzebub-mammon twice in one day. Toll, loll, begin; perhaps you don't like that music. Come, lads, play away with your sticks. [They beat, he jumps about.] None of your elephant steps, I'll make you skip like a roebuck. He runs off. *Lovestory* snatches his wig. What, has he carried away the block and left the wig behind him?

[Shuffling.]

THE SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS.

27

Nim. Had you not better retire to rest, Sir? If any danger appears we'll alarm you.

Lovef. With all my heart; this will make a most excellent story.

Nim. Now, now, off with you, I'll run and bespeak a chaise. *[Exit.]*

Enter Sobby. *Capt.* Come now, my sweet angel.—

Sobby. Oh ay, it's sweet angel now, but how long will that continue?

Enter Jenny. Come, come, you both continue too long here.

[Pushing them off.] I don't care how soon you use me in the same manner.

SCENE Mrs ELDER'S. *Enter NIMBLE and Mrs ELDER.*

Nim. Come, quick! a chaise and four for a friend of mine.

Mrs Eld. Truth Sir, we can do nothing we have such a ringing devil up stairs. The old gentleman who gave me his watch to repair; I gave her to the tinker in the barn, and he is run off with her.

Nim. A tinker repair a watch, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs Eld. Lord bless you! he can do any thing, from a needle to an anchor.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Where is my cousin? her father mist her and he is coming like a roaring lion.

Nim. I never saw a roaring lion, I'll go and see what like he is.

[Exit with Jenny.]

Sir Anth. (entering.) I will not believe it. Woman, you want to cheat me, where's my watch?

Mrs Eld. I know nothing about her; the man that had the charge of her ran off with her.

Lovef. (entering running.) So he did, where is she? I'll never be happy till I have her in my possession.

Sir Anth. In your possession?

Lovef. Yes, who has a better right to her?

Sir Anth. I have a better right to her.

Lovef. You! who gave you a better right?

Sir Anth. Mr. Pendulum the watchmaker.

Lovef. O Lord! she did stay at Pendulum's.

[Aside.]

Sir Anth. I gave him 40 guineas and he gave me a week's trial of her.

Lovef. Hold your tongue! hold your tongue, if that's the case you had better take her altogether.

Sir Anth. Will you bring her?

Lovef. Yes, but I will tell you honestly, I meant to have disposed of her another way.

Sir Anth. I believe that, cursed old rogue.

[Aside.]

Lovef. Make her your companion by day, and the friend of your bosom by night.

Sir Anth. Hark you, I have a better companion at home.

Lovef. Have you? damn me, if you shall have her then.

Sir Anth. The fellow is certainly mad, but I must humour him.

(Aside.) I will tell you what I will do.

Lovef. What will you do?

Sir Anth. To please you I'll hang her on a nail at my bed head.

Lovef. What do you say, you assassinating old villain? hang my daughter on a nail!

Sir Anth. Your daughter! I mean my watch.

Lovef. Your watch! is your watch of the feminine gender that you call it she.

Sir Anth. She's of what gender I please, and I'll call her what I choose.

Enter Flourish.

Flour. Oh Sir Anthony, are you there, tell them I'm neither Cap-
er nor Dumourier.

Sir Anth. Mr. Flourish you were always remarkable for talk-
ing nonsense.

Lovef. What the devil, is this really Flourish? I beg ten thou-
sand pardons.

Flour. Beg what you like, but give me my wig.

Lovef. There it is; as they have prohibited the use of powder,
it will need little dressing.

Flour. If they had prohibited the use of bullets too it wou'd be
nothing the worse for the country. *(puts it on)* Now you and your
daughter may go to the devil, that's my temper. *[Exit.]*

Enter CAPTAIN, SOPHY, and NIMBLE.

Sir Anth. Hey dey, de dey, my son Dick. What's the meaning
of that disguise?

Capt. Look there, Sir. *(pointing to Sophy)* I confess I was forc'd
to have recourse to stratagem. Love and war's the soldier's motto,
and I hope that every one who bears the name of volunteer will
always be as ready to exert himself for the one as the other.
But do you approve, Sir.

Sir Anth. What says her father?

Lovef. I understand you're Sir Anthony, and this is your son.

Sir Anth. Yes, Sir.

Lovef. Here then, *(joins their hands.)* Now, are not you a great
rogue? *(To Nimble.)*

Nim. A very honest one, Sir! I've done you a great service a-
gainst your will, the Captain shall be happy, your daughter shall be
happy, and you shall be happy to see them all so. For my part I'll
enter a volunteer in the navy, and if I can contribute to the defeat
of our enemy, I'll return if spar'd to enjoy the blessings of peace
and liberty with the rest of my fellow subjects. *[Enter Tom singing.]*

Thom. We're no very fu' but we're gayly yet—news! news!
Miss Jenny's Captain is arrived, from the Continent. There will
be nothing in this house but—we're no very fu' but we're gayly
yet. I will go and have a peep at him. Old King Cowl was a
jolly old soul. *[Hammer-off.]*

Capt. I'm happy to hear he is returned.

Lovef. Young man, give me your hand, and if any danger should
approach, I hope you will always be ready to protect that family
of which you are now a member.

Capt. Do you doubt it, Sir? In the time of danger we should
reckon the whole nation as one large family, under one head, who
is the father of us all.

Lovef. Egad that would make a most excellent story.

Finale, Air, British Granadiers.

YE loyal sons of Scotia, let's join in mirth and glee,
And when the glasses circle our fav'rite toast shall be,
The social friends of order, who know no doubts nor fears,
Our country's brave defenders the Scottish Volunteers.

Sophy. With glitt'ring arms when shining they march to the parade,
In gold and beaming scarlet I saw my love array'd,
I felt a strange disorder, 'twas very hard to bear,
Till they brought for my doctor, my Scottish Volunteer.

F I N I S.